



395
US
FEBRUARY

MICK
LEE

DEATH MAY CRASH



MICHAEL
TURNER

BOOK ONE
Evil Woman



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US
MARCH

MICK
LEE



BOOK ONE
EVIL WOMAN



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DEATHWAY CRV



BOOK ONE

EVIL WOMAN



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DEATHMAY CRIME



BOOK ONE
Evil Woman



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MAY

MICK
LEE

DEVIL MAY CRY

BOOK ONE
EVIL WOMAN

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DEVIL MAY CRY

BOOK

ONE

EVIL WOMAN



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THE DEMON WORLD:
2,000 YEARS AGO.


MUNDUS!
FACE ME,
DEVIL!

HMMM...THE
LEGENDARY DARK
KNIGHT SPARDA...




...IF THE SOLE INTENT
OF THIS MELODRAMATIC
LITTLE TIRADE WAS TO
AGGRAVATE ME...

...THEN LET
ME ASSURE YOU,
BOY--




--THAT YOU HAVE
SUCCEEDED BEYOND
MEASURE!


NOW--
COME...



...LET
US FINISH
THIS!



CURSE YOU,
MUNDUS!



TODAY YOUR
DARK REIGN COMES
TO AN *END!*



HFFF...
INDEED.



NEVER!

RAAAH!

I SHALL PURGE
THIS WORLD OF YOUR
CURSED EXISTENCE ONCE
AND FOR ALL!

EVEN IF I MUST
SACRIFICE MY OWN LIFE,
I WILL RIP OUR WORLD OF
YOUR EVIL—OF YOUR
TYRANNY!

ERRR!

IT ENDS,
MUNDUS...

KRUNCH!

...NOW AND
FOREVER...

IT ENDS.

Noooooo!



EARTH:
THE PRESENT.



"DANTE? YEAH,
I HEARD OF HIM."

"BEEN DOIN' THIS FER A
WHILE, AND--BELIEVE ME--I SEEN
IT ALL. *BUT* THAT FELLA... WELL,
HE'S *SOMETHIN* ELSE--A REAL
SPECIAL CASE."

"ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS
HOMBRES I EVER RUN INTO--LIGHTNIN'
QUICK WITH A *TEMPER* TO MATCH.
HELL... MOST THE TIME YOU *CAN'T*
EVEN *SEE* HIM COMING."

"AND EVEN IF YOU ARE *LUCKY*
ENOUGH TO CATCH A GLIMPSE'A
THAT SONBITCH--"

"WELL, THEN..."

"...IT'S PROBABLY
TOO LATE."

TINK

TINK

TINK

TINK

"THING ABOUT OL' DANTE
IS HE'S AS *STRANGE* AS
HE IS *GOOD*."

"BUT I AIN'T TALKIN'
YOUR *STANDARD* MERC
MEAT HERE."

"I MEAN, I SEEN HIM DIVE
HEAD-FIRST INTO A ROOM
FULL OF KILLERS WITHOUT
BATTIN' SO MUCH AS
AN EYE."

"NOPE! THAT BOY'S GOT HIMSELF
SOME SORT'A FETISH FOR THE
WEIRDER THINGS IN LIFE."

"YOU COULD OFFER HIM THE
TAJ MAJAL, THE *ROYAL JEWELS*
AND *BRITNEY SPEARS*--AND HE'D
STILL SAY NO IF IT WASN'T HIS
TYPE'A JOB."

"HE SURE AS HELL AIN'T IN
IT FOR THE *FAME* OR THE
FORTUNE. NOW, SAY IT'S
SOME *SPOOKY* CRAP LIKE
A HAUNTED HOUSE OR AN
EXORCISM--THEN YOU JUST
MIGHT HAVE HIS
ATTENTION."

SPLOOSH!

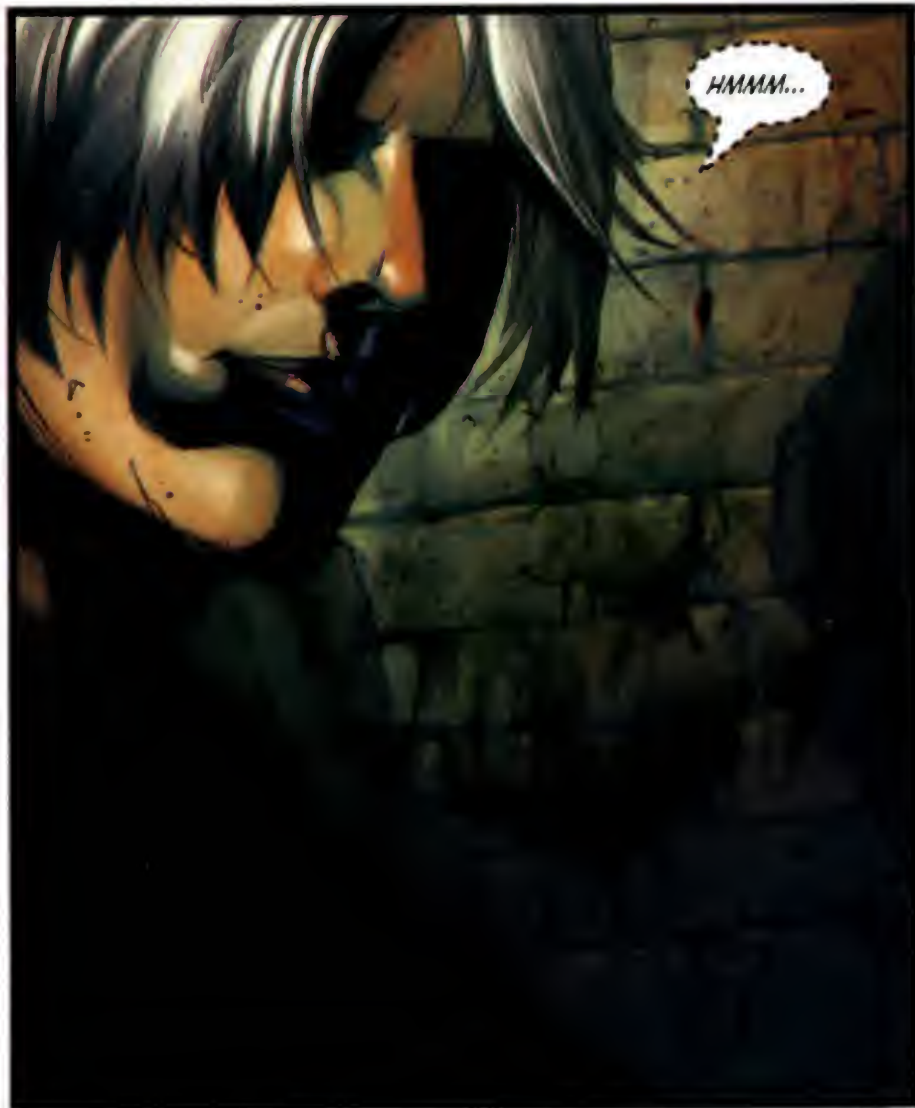
SPLOOSH!

SPLOOSH!

"DON'T MATTER IF THERE'S
A REWARD OR NOT. BECAUSE
WHEN IT COMES TO THE
SUPERNATURAL..."



"...DANTE'S ALL BUSINESS."



HMMM...



...NOTHING
BEHIND DOOR
NUMBER
ONE...



...OR
NUMBER
TWO.

GUESS
THAT ONLY
LEAVES--



BLAAAAHHH! BLUHHHRRRR!!



BINGO!



OKAY, BEAUTIFUL...
LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING
TOO RASH HERE...



JUST RELAX...
EVERYTHING'S
COOL...



HEL...
MMMMPH?

COME ON,
NOW. JUST GIVE ME
THE GIRL, AND WE
CAN CALL IT A
NIGHT.

BOO... BOO... BOO... BOO...

NOW DON'T
BE LIKE THAT, CUTIE.
I'M NOT LOOKING FOR
ANY TROUBLE.

LIKE I SAID:
EVERYTHING'S...



...COOL?



...



BURGH! BURGH!



GOOD OL' WOOZY. COME HERE, GIRL...

...BACK TO PAPA.

"...EVEN THAT DAMNED SWORD OF HIS."



HEY...

"IT'S THOSE EYES THAT TELL ME HE'S A NATURAL BORN KILLER. TRUST ME, IF YOU SAW 'EM YOU'D KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT."



...ON YOUR FEET, BABE--IT'S TIME TO BLOW THIS HELLHOLE.

"NO DOUBT ABOUT IT: ONE LOOK INTO THOSE EYES OF HIS AND, I TELL YA..."

"...EVEN THE DEVIL MAY CRY."



YOU STILL SURE YOU WANT TO FIND THIS GUY?



THANKS FOR THE INFO, OLD-TIMER, BUT I'M A *BIG GIRL*. I CAN TAKE CARE OF *MYSELF*.



I'M JUST SAYING, HONEY, A SWEET LITTLE THING LIKE YOU... YOU SURE YOU WANNA GET MIXED UP WITH THE LIKES'A HIM?

A GUY LIKE THAT AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE.

I APPRECIATE THE CONCERN ENZO, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT. I DON'T MIND A LITTLE *TROUBLE*...



I'M *NOT* EXACTLY AN *ANGEL* MYSELF.

LATER

AH,
HOME, SWEET
HELLHOLE.

WHEW!
WHAT A
NIGHT.

RING RING

RING RING

GEEZ! ALL
RIGHT, ALREADY!
KEEP YER SHIRT
ON!

SHUUKK

MOM
ALWAYS SAID
THERE'D BE
NIGHTS LIKE
THIS.

RING RING

A
FULL MOON...
PERFECT.



"THAT
EXPLAINING
A LOT."



"I BET IT'S JUST
RAINING WHACKJOBS
TONIGHT."



HHMMM...



"DEVIL
MAY CRY..."



...YOU GOT THE
PASSWORD?

...UH, SORRY,
WE CLOSED AT 9.
CALL BACK--

VRIMMVRIMMVRIMM

--WHAT
THE?

THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE--



--MY
BIKE!

SHRAK

WHOA!

WHAT'S THE
HURRY THERE,
MAMA?



DANTE,
IS IT?

I HOPE I
HAVEN'T DISTURBED
YOU, BUT IT'S
URGENT--



--URGENT,
HUH? WELL, THE
LITTLE GIRLS'
ROOM'S IN BACK.
FEEL FREE.

JUST
MAKE SURE
TO FLUSH.



IS IT TRUE
THEN THAT YOU'RE
THE *MERCENARY*
WHO'LL TAKE ANY
DIRTY JOB?

WELL, THAT
ALL DEPENDS,
HONEY...



...WHO'S
ASKING?

DOES IT REALLY
MATTER? SHOULDN'T
YOU BE USED TO THIS
SORT OF *THING* BY
NOW?

WHAT
SORT OF
THING?






HA!
SWORD?!



COME ON,
BOYS--



--TIME
TO GO TO
WORK.

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

KRAK!

KRAK!



RAAAARRR!


I TRIED TO
PLAY IT COOL
WITH YOU.




THOOM!

UHHHH!

BUT WHEN
YOU MESS WITH A
MAN'S RIDE, THAT'S
WHEN THINGS GET
PERSONAL.




AND, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...



...THAT'S WHEN THINGS GET UGLY.

OKAY, MISS, YOU'VE MANAGED TO TOP OFF WHAT WAS ALREADY SHAPING UP TO BE A *WONDERFUL* EVENING.

SO, I SUGGEST THAT YOU START *EXPLAINING* YOURSELF...



...BEFORE THINGS GET ANY UGLIER.




WHA...WHAT THE HELL?!


DANTE! I'M SORRY...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I HAD TO BE SURE.

WHO ARE YOU, WOMAN? TELL ME NOW!




MY NAME IS TRISH.



I NEED YOUR HELP, DANTE. I NEED YOUR HELP TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE *GREATEST* EVIL IT HAS EVER KNOWN.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?




THE DEMON LORD *MUNDUS* HAS BEEN REBORN. HE'LL SOON ESCAPE THE UNDERWORLD AND, WHEN HE DOES, WE'RE ALL DOOMED.

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME, DANTE-- YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO STANDS A CHANCE!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I NEEDED TO KNOW... I HAD TO BE SURE.

I'LL *HELP* YOU, WOMAN. BUT, SO HELP ME, IF YOU CROSS ME AGAIN...



...THERE'LL BE *HELL* TO PAY.



"THIS IS IT...MALLET ISLAND. *TWENTY YEARS* AGO, THE LAST REMAINING GROUP OF *HIS* FOLLOWERS CAME HERE."

"IT'S HERE THAT THEY BEGAN THE PROCESS. THEY SOUGHT TO RESURRECT *HIM*, TO BREATHE NEW LIFE INTO THE FORMER *RULER* OF THE UNDERWORLD."

"THEY'RE ALL GONE NOW... *MYSTERIOUSLY* DISAPPEARING WITHOUT A TRACE. BUT SOMETHING STILL DWELLS IN THAT CASTLE... SOMETHING NOT OF THIS WORLD. AND I FEAR THAT IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING."



SHHINK!



WHOA.

THIS IS IT. LET'S GO--
--WE MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE.



WELL, HOW'RE WE GETTIN' IN?

THINK THEY LEFT A KEY UNDER THE MAT?

YOU'RE RIGHT.



LET'S SPLIT UP! *Vooosh*

WHA?!



I'LL CHECK THE FRONT GATES.

YOU TRY AND SEE IF THERE'S A BACK ENTRANCE.

UH, YEAH, SURE...I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT.

...YOU'RE JUST CHOCK FULL OF SURPRISES, AIN'T YA, SWEETHEART?







BOOO!

2/2010 ENE MYO

WHAT IS THIS FEAR ALL

When



...HRRMMM...



"WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT...
NEVER FELT IT LIKE THIS
BEFORE..."



AH--MY
HEAD...FEELS LIKE
MY...BRAIN'S ON
FIRE.



AH...WHAT
THE?!



"...NEVER
EXPERIENCED
SOMETHING SO
INTENSE...SO..."



...EVIL.



"ALMOST
UNABLE TO CONTROL--
ARRRR--ENOUGH!"



GET IT
TOGETHER,
DANTE!





TALK ABOUT
SCREWED-UP
PRIORITIES.



LOOKS LIKE THE
PREVIOUS TENANTS WERE
WAY AHEAD OF THEIR TIME...
MASTERS OF EVERYTHING.
FROM *ARCHITECTURE*
TO *AVIATION*.

YET, ODDLY
ENOUGH NOT ONE
TRACE OF INDOOR
PLUMBING.



AND WHAT
GIVES WITH ALL
THESE CREEPY
PUPPETS?



THUD!

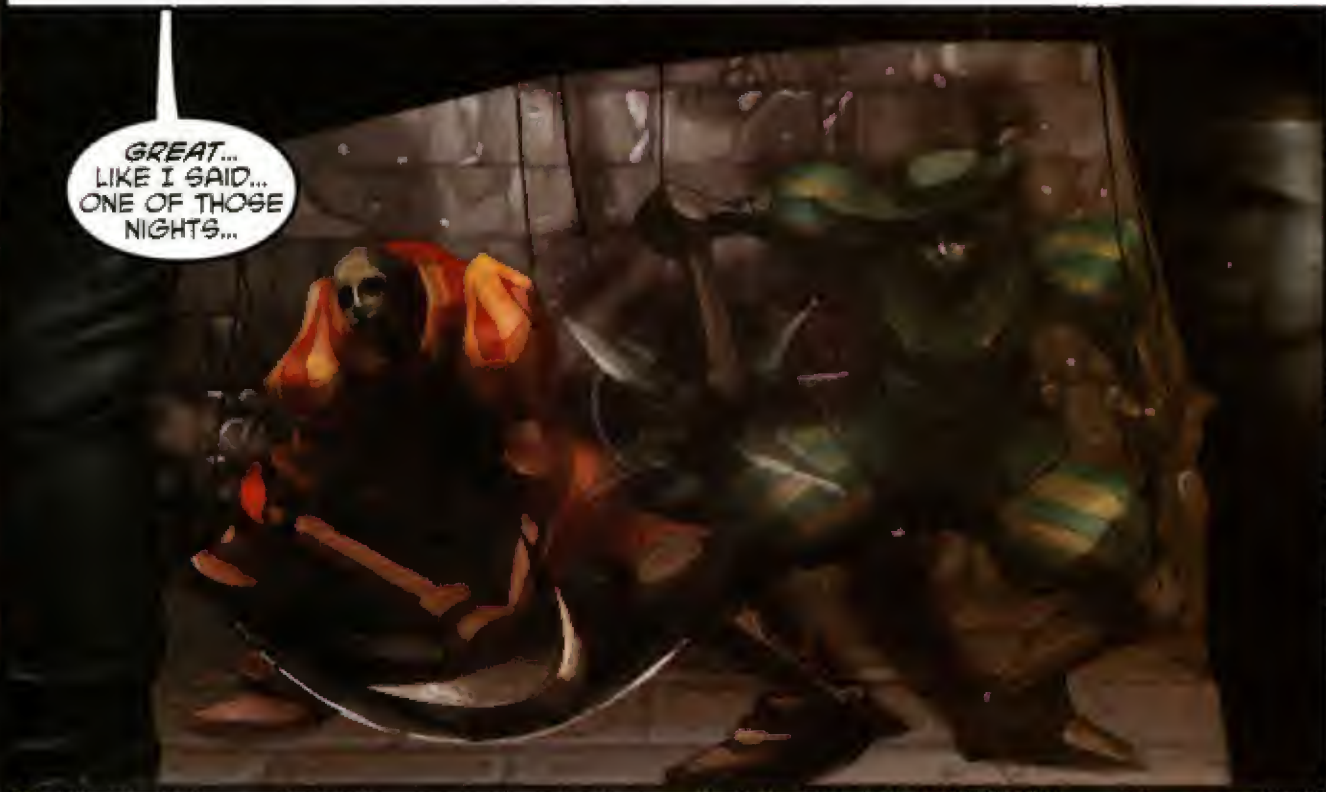


HNNP




WHOA!

SHINK!



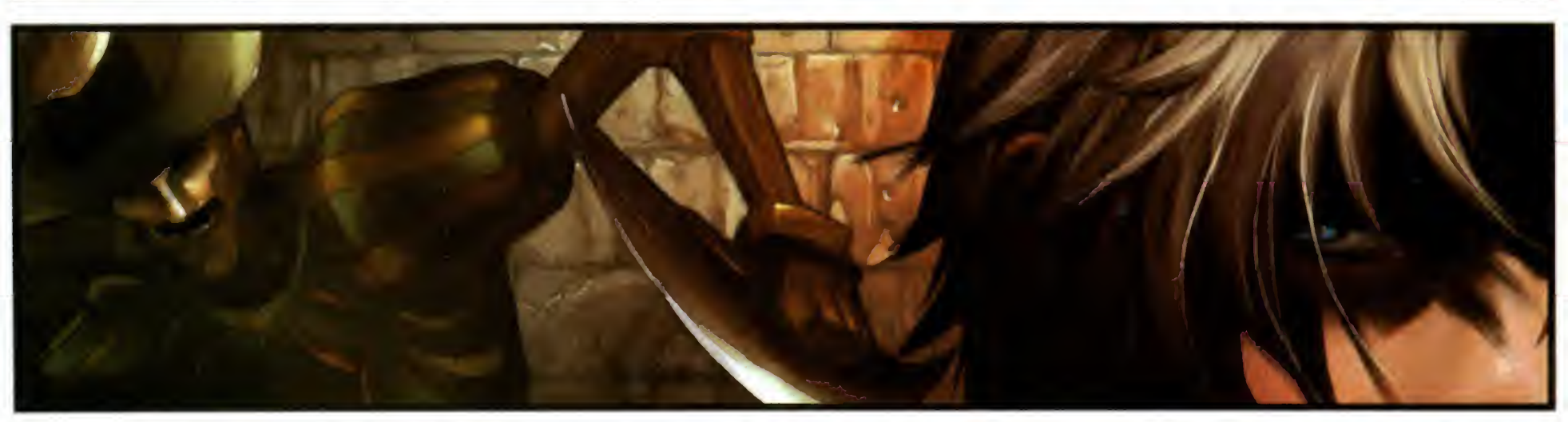
GREAT...
LIKE I SAID...
ONE OF THOSE
NIGHTS...






GOOD JOB,
FELLAS. YOU *NEVER*
DISAPPOINT.

OH, WHERE
ARE MY MANNERS?
UNDEAD PUPPETS MEET
EBONY AND IVORY.
EBONY AND IVORY
MEET--



HOO!
BAD MOVE,
GONZO!

SHHHH THUK!



I COULD
SMELL YOUR ROTTEN
ASS COMIN' A MILE
AWAY.



CRUNCH

YOU SHOULD OF
KNOWN BETTER THAN TO
TRY AND BUST A MOVE
LIKE THAT ON ME.



'CUZ NOBODY
GETS THE DROP ON
OL' DANTE.



ESPECIALLY NOT
ONE OF THE EXTRAS
FROM THE MUPPETS
GO HELL!

BLAM!



AH, CRAP!
WHERE THE HELL
ARE ALL THESE THINGS
COMING FROM?



GUESS IT'S TIME TO
EXECUTE A TACTICAL
RETREAT.

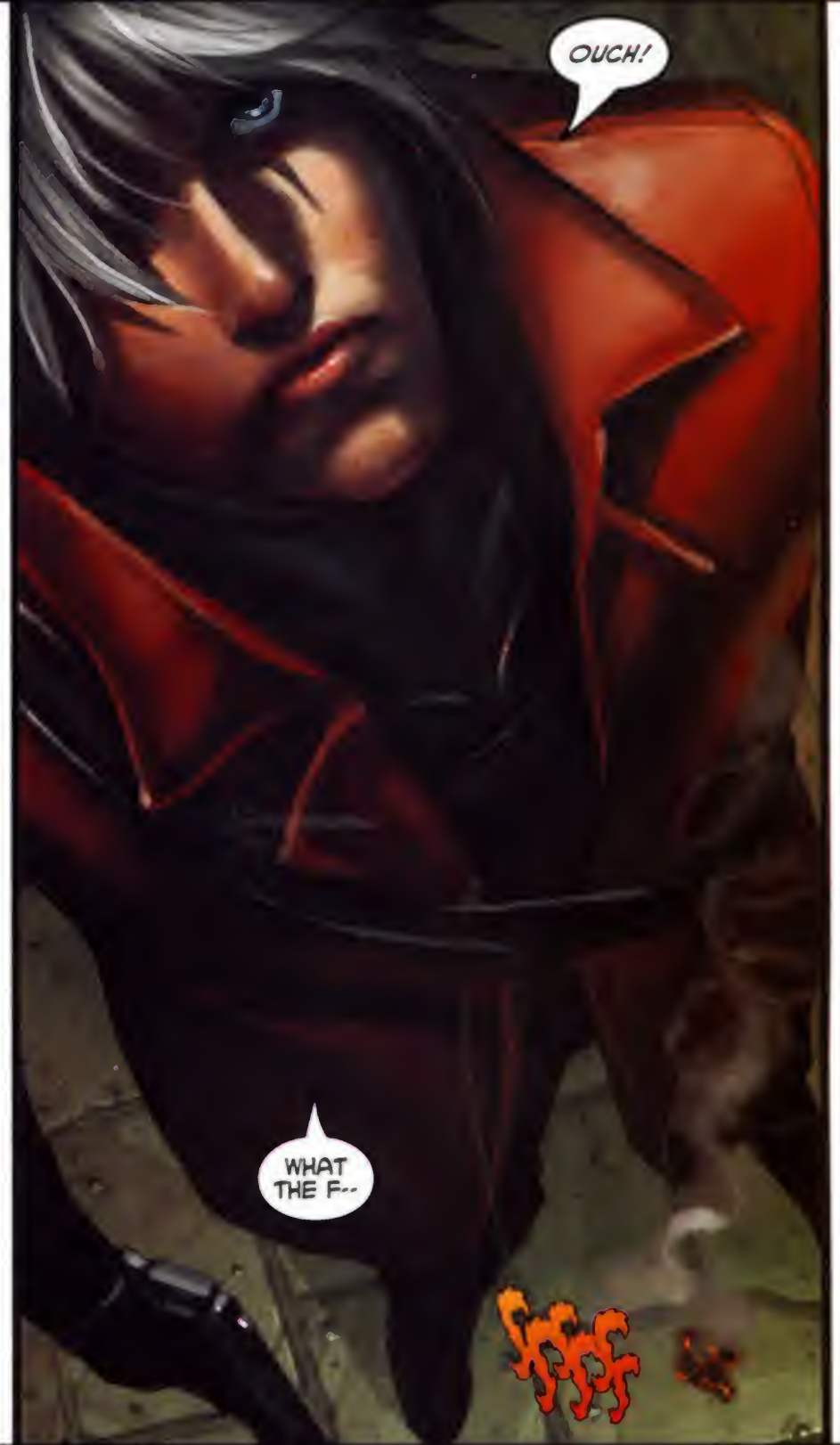


THWAM!

WHEW!



GREAT AS IF
THING'S WEREN'T WEIRD
ENOUGH ALREADY.



OUCH!

WHAT
THE F--

FFF



OH, FOR
CRYIN' OUT
LOUD...



DAAAAARR!

...YOU
GOTTA BE
KIDDING
ME.

TO BE
CONTINUED.